

THE
LIFE
OF
Cato the Cenfor.

Humbly Dedicated to
R. S---le, Esq;

*— populus nam stultus honores,
Sæpe dat indignis.* Horat.



L O N D O N Printed :
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at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1714.

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— populus non habuit locum
— Reges aut in lignis.
Homer.



Printed by J. W. ... in ...
... ..
... ..



To the Right Worshipful
R. S---le, Esq;

May it please Your Worship,

THE high Station, Fortune and a Wife, have raised your Worship to, makes me proud of this Opportunity, to show the World how much I am your humble Servant. You are really, Sir, the greatest Subject England ever saw, your Power to call the Greatest to an Account, without being accountable yourself, (a Power, I am afraid, you will hardly allow our Kings and Queens) makes me utterly at a loss, what Name or Title you ought to be dignified or distinguished by; but I hope the next Sessions of Parliament will determine this Point to all our Satisfaction.

You formerly was pleas'd to take upon you, the Name and Office of Censor of Great-Britain; who then so proper to Patronize the Life of your Great Predecessor Cato, as yourself? He had extraordinary Qualifications to recommend him to Your Worship's Protection, (he has not indeed been so lately honoured as his great Descendant of Utica; but I hope Time may do him equal Justice;) He was a mighty Stickler in your darling Commonwealth, and had a perfect Antipathy to Crowned Heads, a great Pretender to Justice, Sobriety, Self-denial and Contempt of Riches, yet had the Sense to gra-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tify his private Inclinations to the full, and raise a great Estate from a very narrow Foundation; he knew how to set a Value upon his own Actions, and he still expected to be the principal gainer by his Successes; he pretended indeed, all was done for the sake of the Commonwealth, yet his frequent repeating *Marlius the Consul's* Compliment, after the Action at Thermopyla, who, embracing him, cry'd out, That neither he himself, no, nor all the People together, could make him recompence equal to his great Actions. I say, his frequent repeating this, shews his great Moderation, and how little he expected for his Labours. Nay, his Friends and Creatures gave it out, That *Cato* owed not so much to the Publick, as the Publick to *Cato*. His constant opposing what was great and glorious in others, altho' much his Betters, particularly his usage of *Scipio Africanus*, and by it indangering one of the most advantageous Actions, that Nation ever obtained, shew'd he consider'd nothing so much as the Publick Good. Could he arise from the Grave, and give us a Visit, he might see himself and Friends exactly copied. I am extreamly obliged to Your Honour, for opening my Eyes, and suffering me to live no longer under a grand Mistake: I always thought the Romans a brave Race of Men, that there was amongst them, a great many Examples of undoubted Vertue and Courage; but I was so unhappy as to think their Commonwealth the worst Constitution under the Sun: I was so foolish to dream it was unjustly founded; the expelling *Tarquin* for his Son's Offence, was, I thought, not very warrantable, whatever it might have been, had the Crime been his own; the Troubles and Divisions, betwixt the Patritians and the Plebeians, in the Infancy of their State, I looked upon, as the Effects of their Injustice; but then you say all was set right, when the Tribunes of the People were created, then the Constitution was

Perfect

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Perfect and Happy. I had really different Apprehensions, and thought it only made what was bad worse; it laid, I thought, the Foundation of perpetual Animosities; the Tribunes thought they could not discharge their Duty, without constantly opposing the Patritians; and this unhappiness at home, I imagined, was the principal Cause of their great Conquests abroad; it seems a Paradox, but if we consider, that Janus's Temple was never shut, but a Door was presently open'd to Feuds and Quarrels amongst themselves. Self-Preservation forc'd 'em to find out fresh Wars, to divert that Humour which would otherwise have been employed to their own Destruction. And we find, that when their prodigious Successes abroad had left them no Enemy able to withstand 'em; they quickly imbrued their Swords in their own Blood, which were never thoroughly sheathed, until they had overturn'd this mighty Commonwealth, and introduc'd Monarchy. I was so foolish to think it was much to their Advantage, and, were it not out of Deference to Your Honour, I should still think so. I compared Times, and could not find any thing so deplorable, under the worst of Emperors, as the Factions of Marius and Scylla, and the Triumvirates; (the natural Effects of a Mobb-Government) nor such a series of Years, for Wealth, Prosperity and Ease, from Tarquin to the Cæsars, as the five succeeding Reigns to Domitian, and some of them of long Continuance: But I find my Mistake; Governments (like the Waters of the Sea) are kept the purest, by being frequently agitated by Storms and Tempests. But enough of this.

I must now sincerely own, that the principal Cause of this Dedication to Your Honour, is, Self-Interest. Hymen hath not been so propitious to me as to Your Worship, if therefore you would be so charitable as to assist me in obtaining one of these Places, your great Generosity

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nerosity and Contempt of Riches, made you quit, it would be extream kind; and I do assure you, I would make your self my great Example, in studying a suitable Return. I am really at great Expence and Trouble in qualifying my self for your Service; I have agreed with the Reverend Mr. H---y, to read to me, a political Lecture, every Morning, and every Afternoon, I wait upon a famed Lady at Billingsgate, to be instructed in the modern Dialect: I am got pretty ready at single Words, viz. *Cozy, Willain, Rascal, &c.* and she tells me, with a little more Application, I may arrive to Sentences and full Periods. I do faithfully promise, when perfect, all shall be at Your Worship's Service. I am very glad to hear, John Tutchin has had the Manners to pay you a Visit from the other World; if it be not Presumption in me to advise, I would beg of you to borrow of him his Oaken Towel, the next time you see him; it is of no great use to him now, and indeed he never did much with it: But in such a Hand of Authority as Yours, it cannot fail of performing Wonders; and particularly, in chastising that insolent Fellow, the Examiner, who gives such weekly Disturbance to your good Friend and Relation, the Englishman. I am,

Great Sir,

Your most Humble,

Obedient, &c.

Daniel Dogerel.

THE



THE
LIFE
OF
CATO the CENSOR.

When Rome was Rome, and in its Glory,
As old Folks say, that know its Story,
Had bang'd and beaten all about 'em,
That farthest Foes began to doubt 'em;
Had robb'd and plunder'd Sea and Land,
And mumbled all they took in hand;
At *Tusculum*, as Authors write,
Cato was born a Man of Might;
For there his Dam was brought to Bed,
And he among the *Sabines* bred:

But

But we his Father ne'er had known,
 Except for, some Words of his own,
 Who saith, he was of Mettle good,
 As e'er with Sword a Foe withstood;
 At Cudgels too, was a great Master,
 And with a Stick could break Heads faster
 Than Surgeons heal; and in a Ring,
 At Wrestling, could most Men fling.
 His Grandfire too, was of great Worth,
 As he most modestly sets forth;
 But all their Acts for to record,
 I think too much, we'll take his Word.

Cato's own Corps was wond'rous Tall,
 Big bon'd, and sinewy withal;
 A swinging pair of large grey Eyes
 Did goggle so, would you surprize;
 His fiery Phiz, in a dark Night,
 Women and Children would affright;
 It like a dreadful Comet glow'd,
 Or Beacon, which always forebode
 War and Tumult, Blood and Strife,
 All which the Man lov'd as his Life;

For

For which our modern Whigs fo praise him;
 And to the very Skies do raife him;
 For where they find a bufy Pate,
 That Strife and Mifchief can create,
 That rails at Government, becaufe
 It is not full of cracks and flaws,
 With Decency and Order juftle,
 Only to create a Buffle,
 Amufe Mankind with Jealoufies,
 And, after nought, raife Hue and Cries;
 In fhort, that, like a fenfelefs Rake,
 Does Mifchief but for Mifchief's fake,
 That Man's a Saint: But if he's quiet,
 And loves not Faction as his Diet,
 But will fubmit to Government,
 When lawful, and believe it fene
 'Em from above, and will not ftain,
 Both Law and Gospel, to maintain
 Rebellious Principles and Treafon,
 Are jufter far than Right and Reafon;
 That th' only way to keep our own,
 Is, to throw all Order down;

That Liberty is only true,
 When each Man as he lists may do,
 And not by Laws be cramp'd around,
 Or be to Good-Behaviour bound:
 If these, I say, he wont believe,
 He has then a Devil in his Sleeve;
 Is Tory, Rogue, and Child of Sin,
 And to Damnation near of kin,
 As ill as *Heliogab* or *Nero*.
 But let's go on now with our Hero.

When he was grown a stubby Lad,
 Things about *Rome* went very bad;
 One *Hannibal* a huffing Blade,
 That fighting follow'd as his Trade,
 A Sun-burnt One-Ey'd Rag-a-muffin,
 A plaguy Toad at kick and cuffing;
 Had got a Crew of sturdy Rogues,
 Could climb o'er Rocks, or crawl thro' Bogs,
 Or any hardship would indure,
 If in the end they were but sure,
 To steal ought for the Back or Belly,
 They'd stand till beaten to a Jelly.

This

This filthy Scum of several Nations,
 Had left their lowly Huts and Stations,
 And o'er the *Alps* did bravely follow,
 Their Tawny Guide with Whoop and Hallow,
 Hoping it was their Destiny,
 To make a Meal of *Italy*;
 And that the Time would shortly come,
 That they should rule the Roast in *Rome*.
 At first, they'd Fortune in a string,
 Made her for them do any thing;
 Burnt Towns, and plunder'd to their Fill,
 And cut Folks Throats to make 'em still;
 Their Sacks and Wallets fill'd with Food
 And Cloaths, as new ones, full as good,
 At *Trebia* and *Thrasimen*,
 They kill'd Lord knows how many Men:
 At *Canna* too, they in a Fray,
 So many brain'd, one Summer's Day,
 That *Rome* it self, as some Folks think,
 For very Fear, began to sink;
 This made all People, Young and Old,
 To save their Bacon, fierce and bold.

ur Youngster too, his Sword on buckles,
 Longing in Blood to dip his Knuckles,
 He was too such a willing Tike,
 On his own Neck he bore his Pike;
 Not many others did the like :
 Likewise on's Back he flung his Shield;
 His Man bore only's Meat to th' Field;
 Nor would he vex or fret his Blood,
 If he made not all the haste he shou'd.
 When on the Grass, down on his Crupper,
 He took his Dinner or his Supper,
 His Drink was Water (seldom Wine)
 Which he call'd, *Element Divine*;
 Vinegar, when dry, into't he'd pour,
 Which made him turn, some think, so sowre :
 Such monstrous Labour he would take
 For Fighting, or his Country's sake.
 (So modern Saints will take most pains,
 When once they come to tracking Brains.)
 And when he had a Foe in view,
 He like a Dragon at him flew ;

Yet he had one scurvy Trick,
 Which made Folks feeble, as if sick,
 Whene'er he came just at a Foe,
 He'd harshly call him *Rogue*, or so,
 Stare at him full with his gog Eyes,
 This put the Man in strange surprize,
 And, before he could recover,
 With one damn'd Blow would turn him over.
 (Just so a Spaniel that's well bred,
 And has been taught, as well as fed ;
 If in a Wood he chance to see
 A Pheasant pearch'd upon a Tree,
 He claps him down upon his Breech,
 And barks, which is a Spaniel's Speech ;
 With Head cock'd up, at th' Bird does glore,
 Who ne'er saw such a sight before,
 But pimes and peaks his Head about,
 Thinking to find the matter out ;
 But before he's wiser grown,
 Pop goes the Gun, and he is down.)
 So *Cato*, as I said before,
 Had fery'd, 'tis thought, a full half-score ;

Which

Which fet the Youngster so a hoop,
 He scorn'd to mortal Man to stoop;
 And, as more Days grew o'er his Head,
 In him such factious Humours bred,
 That wondrous troublesome he grew,
 And in others Mashfats strove to brew:
 But this did hap in after time,
 As you shall hear to th' full, in Rhime;
Fortune now, that slippery Bitch,
 That sticks not long to Poor or Rich,
 Tho' ty'd so fast to old *Han's* Beard,
 One would have thought, would ne'er have stirr'd,
 Yet watch'd her time, and slip't the Noose,
 And ran to th' *Romans*, when got loose.
 Yet there are those alive, who say,
 'Twas he that forc'd the Jilt away;
 For had not he, like *Tom-Fool*, stood,
 When his Men were up to th' Knees in Blood,
 But unto *Rome* had straitway gone,
 Before he'd ever fate him down,
 And fiercely knock'd at their Town-Door,
 Before their quaking Fit was o'er,

'Tis thought they would have run in Shoales,
 To hide their Heads, in nooks and holes,
 And Ready-furnish'd left their Houses,
 Their pretty Daughters, and their Spoues,
 To be enjoy'd by him and his;
 Then he'd had time to clip and kiss:
 But he must like a Booby stay,
 And waste his Time at *Capua*,
 With a poor dowdy dag-tail'd Girl,
 To stroak his Beard, and Whiskers twirl;
 Who, when she had him on her Haunch,
 Her Belly join'd unto his Paunch,
 Did so well please the ticklish Lout,
 He ne'er thought what he came about.]
 (E'en so a Bull, the chief o'th' Herd,
 For many Mischiefs justly fear'd,
 If near his Walk he chance to spy,
 A heedless Fellow passing by,
 Tosses his Horns and spurns the Ground,
 Throwing the Grass and Dirt around,
 Waits till he comes within his reach,
 To stick his Horns into his Breech ;

Yet

Yet if in that nick of time,
 A lustful Heifer in her Prime,
 Brandish her Tail but near his Nose,
 He turns all Love, and with her goes;
 And, whilst he cools his Leachery,
 Lets the poor Bumpkin pass safe by.)
 But be this matter how it will,
 Things after this went very ill;
 And, in short time, *Rome* had such Luck,
 They sent him packing o'er the Brook;
 Where we will leave him for a while,
 And to *Cato* turn our Stile.
 This hurly-burly thus blown over,
 Things most mainly did recover;
 And, all things being free from Harm,
Cato betook him to his Farm;
 And, to let his Neighbours understand,
 To all things he could turn his Hand,
 And in his Mind how good and humble,
 He at no sort of Work would grumble:
 Work he would do, if ne'er so mean,
 For he would sweep the Stable clean:

The

The Plough would hold, or milk a Cow ;
 Or in farrowing would help a Sow ;
 Would mend a Hedge, or scour a Dike,
 No Captain ever did the like :
 But what was far above the rest,
 And was indeed the cream o'th' Jest,
 When he his daily Task had done,
 And labour'd hard till set of Sun,
 He bravely March'd, with empty Gut,
 At th' Head of's Slaves, home to his Hut ;
 And there he scorn'd to feed by'mself,
 But took whate'er he found o'th' Shelf,
 And set him down amidst his Louts,
 Wip'd his Paws on the same Clouts,
 Eat the same Bread, tho' it was fusty,
 Drank the same Wine, tho' sowre and musty :
 But first he'd gravely set his Face,
 And thus harangue, instead of Grace ;
 Quoth he, *My Lads, fall to your Food,*
Believe me, it is choice and good ;
This Crust of Bread to me's more dear,
Than all your choice and costly Cbear ;

'Tis true, strong Meat a Blockhead pleases,
But then it fills him with Diseases,
Rots the Rogue from Top to Toe ;
But this light Fare will ne'er do so ;
'Twill keep you Lively, Healthful, Strong,
And make you Live and Labour long ;
'Twill keep your Teeth too, clean and white,
As Paper upon which you write :
Then here's a Pitcher of Spring-Water,
You see how I for you do cater,
To take the Rawness off, I'll pour
Some Wine into't, 'tis true 'tis sowre ;
It is not, that I better grudge,
But this is wholsomer by much ;
New Wines and strong, are plaguy Heady,
And make a Man confounded Giddy ;
Turns one's very Brains i'th' Skull,
And then i'th' Morn how dry and dull ?
I do my very best to please you,
After's no qualms nor pickups tease you ;
Yet sometimes, for I will speak true,
Perhaps you'll feel a Gripe or two,

*But that's not much, since you all know,
They'll vanish in a Blast below.*

Thus the fly Cur did cant and cheat
Himself and them, to save his Meat,
And make them gorge such nasty Chear,
A *Hotentot* would not come near.
(So Godly Misers Fast and Pray,
To save a Dinner, at this Day,
And tack both Grace and Vertue to
Each Act they for their Profit do.)
Altho' he sugar'd so each Word,
When he sat with them at the Board;
Yet when at Work he had his Crew,
He'd use them worse than any *Jew*,
And was so far from all Remorse,
He made them work like any Horse:
He ne'er for Features bought a Slave,
But th' lowest priz'd ones he could have;
Ill-shap'd and clumsy let them be,
So they were strong and finewy;
Such Churls he knew were tough and hardy,
And he'd take care they were not tardy.

When with Ill-Diet, Labour, Thumps,
 He'd wore the Wretches to the Stumps,
 And they could no more Profit yield,
 He turn'd 'em out to starve i'th' Field;
 Thinking no Man had Right to eat,
 That had not Strength to earn his Meat.
 A Country-Farmer of Good-Nature,
 Is better to a poor dumb Creature,
 For if he has a careful Dog,
 That can lug well a Neighbour's Hog,
 When in his Purlieus he comes grunting,
 And for his Master's Grains is hunting,
 Without his bidding, at him flies,
 As if he'd tear out both his Eyes;
 Sends him packing with a Vengeance,
 For his fellonious Intentions:
 When this poor Dog so old is grown,
 He scarce can waddle up and down,
 For the good Deeds that he has done,
 Is kept, tho' Teeth and Eyes are gone.
 Thus he liv'd, when at's own home,
 But sometimes he about would roam,

And

And search the Country-Vills about,
 To find some wrangling Matter out :
 If one complain'd he was oppress'd,
 And in the Levies overfest ;
 And, by the Quarter, did pay more
 Than he thought good, to Church or Poor,
 Or than with his well-liking stood,
 Ditches to scowre, or make Ways good ;
 In his Behalf he'd make more noise,
 Than, on a Play-Day, fifty Boys ;
 Without the Thoughts too of a Fee,
 But meerly out of Leachery
 He had to squabble and debate,
 And hear how featly he could prate.
 When he had rambled thus a while,
 And got, he thought, a pretty Stile,
 At greater Matters he did aim :
 In order to't, to *Rome* he came ;
 That Commonwealth, upon my Word,
 Sufficient Matter did afford ;
 And he that lov'd a wrangling Life,
 Might find it there, without a Wife.

And

He

He quickly plaid his Cards so well
 That he was made a Colonel :
 As better Places vacant came,
 He push'd, had Luck, and got the same;
 For, think your Pleasure, 'tis a Face
 Well braz'd, that soonest gets a Place :
 He ne'er gave o'er, but forc'd a Trade,
 And, at long run, was Consul made:
 When he was so, he went to *Spain*,
 And at th' Years end came home again.
 After that he went to *Greece*,
 His Acts in both were of a piece ;
 With help of's Men he knock'd Folks down,
 And took many a pretty Town;
 Grew wond'rous proud, could crack and boast,
 And never ought i'th' telling lost :
 All others Praise he took himself ;
 Seem'd to despise, yet sunk the Pelf ;
 Cheated his Men, and then would cry,
 It was to cure their Luxury :
 All his Tricks, if I should write,
 You'd hardly read 'em in a Night,

I'll only name one or two more,
 Then, take my Word for't, I'll give o'er.
 But hold! I fear, for all my haste,
 I cannot travel quite so fast;
 I had forgot, and that is pity,
 To write his Sayings, some call Witty,
 A smattering of them you shall hear,
 But all would be too much, I fear;
Voluptuousness does in a trice,
Fill a Man top full of Vice.
The Soul would civil be and good,
If'twas not for the Flesh and Blood.
That 'twas in vain to talk to th' Belly,
Because it had no Ears, he'd tell ye.
 One more, but 'tis the very best,
 As his Friends say, of all the rest:
 Once on a time, a King of Fame,
 I think *Eumenes*, was his Name,
 Did, out of Love and Kindness, come
 To visit all his Friends in *Rome*:
 This fill'd the Town top full of Joy,
 From th' oldest Man, to th' youngest Boy:

Each Senator in his best Gown,
 Waited upon him round the Town,
 And at their Heels a mighty noise,
 Of Men and Women, Girls and Boys:
 Cato, belike, would not come near him,
 Being a King, he could not bear him,
 But at a distance grin'd and leer'd,
 To see a Monarch so rever'd.
 Quoth one, Pray, Cato, *what's the matter?*
You cannot sure, this King bespatter!
Yet, by your Looks, you seem to think
Him hardly worth a Pot of Drink,
But if 'tis so, you think amiss,
A better Man did never piss;
He's as Good-humour'd, Loving, Mild,
As e'er you knew a sucking Child.
 " Ay, ay, (quoth Cato) 't may be so
 " But yet there's one thing that I know,
 " Tho' a King seem a gentle Creature,
 " By Nature, he's a fierce Man-eater.
 Now, tho' this Speech has not much in't,
 Yet see how soon some take the hint;

Some

Some pious Saints, not long ago,
 To Cuffs with such a King did go;
 By Ill-Luck got him in their Power,
 For fear, if loose, he'd them devour;
 Remembring what *Cato* said,
To blunt his Teeth, cut off his Head.

Now this was doing things outright,
 The Dead, they say, do never Bite.

I fear some living would be glad,
 If such another Bout they had:
 To them 'tis only Mirth and Sport,
 To cheat the Country, nose the Court:
 But lately they'd a curfed Bout,
 Their Tricks discover'd, they all out.
 So much for his witty Sayings,
 Affes are found out by their Brayings.

At *Rome* there was a dainty Place,
 It lasted tho' but a Year's space,
 They that possess'd it great Power had,
 To raise the Good, and curb the Bad;
 They'd make a Lord, if they thought fit,
 No better than a paultry Cit,

And raise a Cobler, if he'd Grace,
 To sit down in that same Lord's Place :
 They could inspect what sort of Lives
 Men did live with their own Wives ;
 If short in due Benevolence,
 Or if too much, each was Offence ;
 They'd few Complaints tho' of the latter,
 Good Wives would wink at such a Matter.
 They Power had, besides, to note
 Each Man's Riches to a Groat :
 No Marriages, nor Merry-Meeting,
 If these Blades did not think 'em fitting :
 No House could eat, or more or less,
 Than what they did convenient guests :
 They search'd for Whores, and those that Whor'd'm,
 And therefore call'd was, *Censor Morum*,
 If in our Language we it call,
 It is, *Reformer-General*.
 Cato had a liquorish Tooth,
 For this same Place, e'en from his Youth,
 And thought, if it obtain'd could be,
 'Twould fit his Temper to a T :

Now this same Place, Sirs, you must note,
 Was always carried by the Vote;
 On a set Day, to keep *decorum*,
 They yearly Pol'd for't in the *Forum*;
 Where those that stood might show their Breeding,
 And, by their Speeches too, their Reading.
 Once seven put in for the Plate,
 And *Cato*, which made 'em just eight :
 They Bow'd, and Scrap'd, and kept a Pother,
 First one harangu'd, and then another ;
 They mainly strove the Great to please,
 But made o'th' rest no more than Fleas ;
Cato cunningly came lag,
 And quickly put 'em in a Bag,
 He thought that he should do the Job,
 If he could coax or fright the Mob ;
 Their Votes he knew, if gain'd, full well
 Would as the best among 'em tell :
 Then up he rose, and look'd damn'd gruff,
 And thus began the following Stuff,
I pray, Plebeians, look about ye,
Or, by my Troth, these Lords will rout ye ;

Do ye see what pretty Youths they've brought ?
 Boys better fed by half, than taught,
 They'd never chuse such Sparks for nought.
 Chuse them, and safely lay your Lives,
 They'll play at Leap-frog with your Wives ;
 They'd Whore and have none dare disturb 'em,
 They hate a Censor that will curb 'em.
 There's one thing too I'd have you note,
 'Mongst you they scorn to ask a Vote ;
 Because you are poor and low, they think
 You hardly ought to eat or drink :
 But I ne'er value Men for Birth,
 We all was made of the same Earth :
 How oft have I the Senate nos'd,
 Whene'er your Birthrights they oppos'd ?
 And since I study so your Good,
 They hate me as one hates a Toad ;
 They have impeacht me fifty times,
 As if I guilty was of Crimes,
 And all the Crime that e'er I knew,
 Is that I still was true to you ;

But, for your Good, I came safe off.
 I hope that I have said enough :
 Yet think, I Consul have been too,
 What mighty Feats did I then do?
 How mighty careful of your Pelf,
 I hardly got a Groat my self.
 In Spain, a pretty Tit I had,
 You ne'er bestrode a better Pad,
 I left him there, like Father Sparges,
 To dye alone, to save you Charges.
 Then leave me out now, you had best,
 And make your selves the Country Jest ;
 For if you do, I'll change my Side,
 What Mischief then will you betide ?
 My Neighbour Atticus stands by,
 I hope on him you have an Eye :
 If we are chose, there's ne'er a Lord
 Shall dare to keep a better Board,
 Than in the House is to be seen,
 Of him that sweeps the Kennel clean ;
 We'll reform all, from Top to Toe,
 'Twill never hold as Things do go.

Having

Having the vulgar thus cajol'd,
 He quite and clean the rest out-pol'd.
 When he was in, he lost no time,
 But punish'd for the smallest Crime ;
 He turn'd a Member out o'th' House,
 For saluting his own Spouse,
 Because i'th' presence of his Daughter,
 He said it made her Mouth to water.
 Yet this Reformer, at fourscore,
 Did keep a little paltry Whore,
 Who came each Morning, for small Gains,
 To cleanse his Sandals and his Reins.
 We've had two such reforming Blades,
 Who ferretted poor Rogues and Jades,
 And made them suffer Blows and Work,
 Yet Whor'd themselves, like any *Turk* :
 For a Poxt Jilt, from Wife would part,
 Yet look demure as Bawd in Cart ;
 Each factious Meeting would frequent,
 Cry down the Pope, and keeping *Lent* ;
 Yet do worse Acts than you e'er shall
 Hear of at *Rome*, in Carnival.

Down

Down in the North, there dwelt a Man,
 (Guess his Name, Reader, if you can)
 Who having Zeal, and an Estate,
 Was made a doughty Magistrate;
 He, very full of his new Station,
 Resolv'd to mend a sinful Nation;
 And, from his Limits, in a trice,
 By Care he thought to banish Vice;
 Godly Informers he did grease,
 To mend Folks Lives, or his Clerk's Fees;
 Who ply'd each Fair and Country-Wake,
 Where Blood runs high with Ale and Cake,
 To watch if amorous Lads and Lasses
 Did handle Flesh as well as Glasses:
 I'th' Street a Man could hardly piss,
 But presently all was amiss,
 And if a Female was in view,
 Would swear it was at her he drew,
 And strove with sight of's filthy Tool,
 To tempt to Sin the silly Fool.

But

But when they chanc'd to catch a Sinner;
 With *Mawson* * he must eat his Dinner,
 And suffer more confounded Jerks,
 Than Monks or Nuns give themselves firks,
 When on *Good-Friday*, with their Switches,
 To scour their Souls, scourge their own Breeches;
 This pious Justice hir'd by the Day,
 A canting R—— to Whine and Pray;
 A thin-jaw'd R——l, that could utter
 Nonsense by th' Hour, and keep a splutter
 With *Free-Will, Grace, Predestination*,
 As well as any Fool i'th' Nation;
 His Whims would urge for Doctrine true,
 When he nought of the Matter knew;
 Would Scripture quote, to prove one Man
 Cannot be saved, do what he can;
 Another, tho' he keeps a Punk,
 And seven times i'th' Week is drunk,
 Yet when he dies, for all his Vice,
 Slips ye to Heaven in a trice.

* A Master of Bridewel in the North.

The same Sentence he would turn and wind,
 Till it was fitted to his Mind ;
 And then he thought it time enough,
 With interval of Hem and Cough,
 Leisurely to start another,
 With which too he would keep a pother,
 To drill the tedious Hours away,
 Assign'd for him to Preach and Pray :
 With Eyes drawn up and Hat 'fore Face,
 He was old Dog at saying Grace,
 Snivel'd so long till all the Meat
 Was cold, and he in a muck Sweat !
 Each Night the House he sanctify'd,
 And whin'd till all or slept or cry'd ;
 Then on a sudden would so roar,
 As startled those that slept before,
 And this in cunning to affright
 Witches, or any filthy Spright,
 If such, by chance, had enter'd in,
 To tempt the Men and Maids to Sin ;
 Yet one like Crab-Louse (which looks odd)
 Did stick so fast to th' old 'Squire's C--d,

That all his Noise could not avail,
 Till conjur'd into *Sarah's* Tail.
 Now you must know this Pious Sir,
 Like Hypocrite, kept such a stir
 With Praying, that, as one may say,
 He hardly ceased Night or Day ;
 When Chaplain grave at Night had done,
 He's straitway to his Chamber gone,
 There for an Hour so loud would bawl,
 He might be heard all o'er his Hall ;
 Now who would think that pious He,
 At different Works at once should be ?
 Yet so it was, as you will find,
 If you the Sequel do but mind.
 One fatal Night, above the rest,
 Ill-luck discover'd all the Jest,
 He thought all safe, as heretofore,
 But had forgot the Chamber-Door,
 Had almost done, (as I my Story)
 And was arriv'd to *Power and Glory*,
 His Wife crept softly up the Stairs,
 Not that, poor Soul, she'd any Fears,

Of what her Husband was about,
 But least a noise should put him out ;
 To fetch a Cordial, was her Errand,
 Which she thought sufficient warrant,
 Since 'twas to comfort a poor Neighbour,
 Sorely put to it in hard Labour :
 She gently op'd the Chamber-Door,
 But saw what she'd ne'er seen before,
 For, to her great Amaze and Wonder,
 'Spouse was a top, and *Sarah* under ;
 She strait was seiz'd with fullen Dump,
 And down she drop'd upon her Rump ;
 The amorous Brace thus ta'en i'th' Trap,
 Did nought at first, but stare and gape ;
 At last he rose to help his Wife,
 But *Sarah* ran as if for Life,
 Several Miles on the full stretch,
 To get out of her Mistress reach :
 With some cold Water, and a pluck
 By th' Nose, at last he rais'd his Chuck ;
Spirit of Hartshorn then applies,
 Which made her open too her Eyes ;

But when she thought upon the Freak,
 The briny Tears ran down her Cheek.
 Husband, quoth she, *who would have thought*
Thy pious Soul could be thus nought ?
Thou who brim full of Gospel art,
And can whole Chapters say by heart,
In Conscience-Cases such a Doctor,
Should e'er make Work for Bawdy Proctor.
'Tis I, alas, thy Actions rue,
I find who 'tis has stole my Due ;
I'm sure this Twelve-Month thou ne'er hast
Offer'd to clip me round the Waste ;
Nay, scarcely touch'd me, always fearing
'Twas a Sin, since past Child-bearing :
But Sal, I find, is in her Prime,
She is not past her teeming-time.

" O Wife, in Pity pray refrain,
 " I vow I'll ne'er do so again ;
 " Nay, may I drop dead on this Floor,
 " If e'er I play'd this Prank before :
 " Thou know'st, my Dear, I din'd on Scate,
 " The Devil surely's in that Meat :]

" Fool

" Fool that I was, did I not know
 " That it will make a chaste Bitch go:
 " Satan, I see, his time did watch,
 " He thought 'twas Conquest me to catch ;
 " But I will starve this Devil out,
 " If all the Art of Man will do't;
 " My Drink I'll measure, weigh my Meat,
 " And all by Drams and Scruples eat.
 This he still does, but what Effect
 It has, I cannot yet detect ;
 Whether his Flesh be now less haughty,
 Or, *Si non caste tamen caute.* *

Cato now so old was grown,
 He scarce could walk about the Town,
 Yet would to Carthage take a Trip,
 That no Mischief might him slip;
 To find some Cause of Quarrel out,
 To have with them another Bout;

* I hope this will not be construed, as a Reflection upon those who are truly Religious, and seek to promote Vertue and true Religion; but only such Hypocrites who are a Scandal to Religion, and make it only a Cloak to all the worst of Crimes.

He always was a Foe to Peace,
 And thought such Rogues should ne'er have Ease;
 He found their Town in good Repair,
 That Trade and Wealth was all their Care:
 They'd built too many a Barge and Boat,
 These things the old fly Cur did note:
 Thinks he, If they thrive at this rate,
 In time they will recruit their State;
 And then, uds nigs, I will lay ods
 In Pifs for us they will lay Rods:
 I always did the Peace oppose,
 We ne'er should Mercy show to Foes;
 If e'er I got a Fellow down,
 I still took care to crack his Crown;
 And Policy it is worth prising,
 Still to prevent a Foe from Rising.
 Home he return'd, of this brim full,
 No other Thoughts had room in's Skull;
 This Subject was his daily Theme,
 On nought else he i'th' Night could dream;
 He ne'er i'th' Senate-House did speak,
 But this came in by Head and Neck;

Re-

Remembring *Hannibal* and *Mago*,
 Would cry, *Delenda est Carthago*:
 That is, *To cure us of all Fears*,
We'll burn their Town about their Ears.
 At last, they clos'd with this Advice,
 And burnt Old *Carthage* in a trice,
 Return'd home big with Joy and Wonder,
 Full fraught and Rich with *Africk's* Plunder.
 Thought they, the World now is our own,
 In Peace and Quiet we'll sit down.
 But when thus rid of foreign Fears,
 They fell together by the Ears,
 And soon that Commonwealth laid low,
 That some admire and envy so.

So some of late did scorn a Parly,
 Till we had quite demolish'd *Marly*,
 And pluck'd the Owners Beard so bare,
 As not on's Chin to leave one Hair ;
 Leave him no House to hide his Head,
 And starve ourselves to spoil his Bread :
 And then, as if both Mad and Drunk,
 To give up all to old *Van Dunk* ;

That

That in return he might look to us,
 And guard us so, none might undo us.
 But some were wiser still than some,
 And thought we'd Heads enough at home,
 To guard our Church and Queen from Danger,
 Without the help of any Stranger.

But now I think enough you have,
Cato's next turn was to his Grave;
 And not a Farthing loss 'twould be,
 If some Folks bore him Company;
 And all that spite our Publick Weal,
 Should be despis'd like poor *D--k St--le*?

F I N I S.

